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The wonderful conversion of a girl who lived on Collier's Manor, in lower Canada, by the name of Polly Stearns.

Her father was a poor man, a man that was apt to drink hard, and a man of no religion; no not so much as a form of religion, he was very unguarded in his conversation, and would frequently curse and swear very bad, and his wife and children followed his example, and there was much quarrelling and contention between him and his wife. She would often upbraid him for drunkenness; and he would upbraid her for laziness and wastefulness; thus it was an uncomfortable family, and they did not seem to fear God nor man.

They had about two miles from them, a very godly neighbour by the name of

Marsh, whose wife wanted this Polly Stearns to come and live with her, and Polly's mother said she might go if she was willing. Polly, said she was willing, and Mrs. Marsh took her home with her. As they were going along, Mrs. Marsh asked her how old she was? She said a little above twelve years. Why, said Mrs. Marsh, your mother is well off for help. Yes, said Polly, if they were willing to work? my oldest sister is sixteen years old, and the other fourteen, and although my mother curses and swears at them almost half the time, yet they do not both of them do a maid's day's work in a day. Can you spin, Polly, said Mrs. Marsh? Yes, said Polly, a little, I should have learned better, but the girls were always swearing at me if I meddled with their wheels; it was that which made me so willing to go to your house, I hope you will let me learn to spin? Yes, Polly, said Mrs. Marsh, you may spin as much as you please, and I will learn you all that I can.

At night, before Mr. M. went to bed, he went to prayer, and as Polly had never heard a prayer in her life before, she was surprised to see Mr. Marsh talking to something, as if he saw and was conversing with somebody. She could not see any body that he could be talking to, and this gave her some uneasiness in her mind, as she afterwards related. But

the next morning Mr. Marsh had another spell of talking as he had the night before ; and Polly was now more surprised than she was before ; for she saw that there was nobody in sight, as she went to windows and looked out to see if she could find who he was talking to, but she could not, and she felt so uneasy, that soon after prayers she told Mrs. Marsh she wanted to go home. Mr. Marsh asked her what she wanted to go home for ? She would not tell, but said I will come again. Well, said Mrs. Marsh, you may go home, but I hope you will come again. She said she would and home she went.

As soon as she got home, she informed her father and mother of Mr. Marsh's talking last night and this morning, and dear daddy, said she, who do you think he was talking to ? the devil, I suppose, said her father.

Surprising ! what an account will such parents have to render to God !

The poor girl got no satisfaction, and went back to Mr. Marsh's but looked exceeding sober, as she could not find out who it was, or for what it was that he had these spells of talking. At night Mr. Marsh went to prayer again, & as soon as he had done, Polly went unto him and said, pray Mr. Marsh who have you been talking to ? Mr. Marsh said, the question struck his mind with such a serious inquiry, whether he had been

in heart praying to God, or whether he had been mocking God with lip service, that at first he made no answer, but at length he said, why Polly, I have been trying to pray to God. To God, said Polly, where is he? Oh I said Mr. Marsh, he is in all places and spaces, he fills immensity, he sees, hears and knows all things, even all our thoughts; did you not know Polly, that there was such a God? I have heard, said Polly, my father and mother swear by God, a great many times, but I did not know who he was, nor where he was; neither did I think of his being so near to us as to hear or know what we did or said.

Mr. Marsh then went on, and informed Polly of God's creating the world, of Adam and Eve, of their being made upright and free from sin, of their being placed in the garden of Paradise and of their rebellion against God, by eating the forbidden fruit, and that all mankind must have been sent to hell after death, to a place of fire and brimstone, if it had not been for the Lord Jesus Christ; who, said he, has suffered for our sins, died on a cross of wood, his feet being nailed to the fatal wood, and there expired for the love he had for poor sinners, so that all sinners may now be saved that will believe in, and love the Lord Jesus Christ, but all that do not repent of their sins, and believe in and love him, must still go to hell, for if they

love sin more than Christ, they must eternally perish.

Mr. Marsh talked and enlightened her mind in gospel truths for the space of two hours, till at last Polly cried out, Oh! Mr. Marsh, what shall I do? I am a poor undone creature, I have lied, cursed and swore, been disobedient, to my father and mother, quarrelled with my brothers and sisters and often times wished them in hell, and did not know what a place hell was till this night; and now I expect I am going to that dreadful place myself. Mr. Marsh told her, that if she would believe in, and love the Lord Jesus Christ, she might be saved. Oh! said she, how can I believe that Christ can or will save me, when I am so great a sinner? Oh! Polly, said Mr. Marsh, your being a great sinner, will not hinder your being saved if you are but willing to be saved. Oh! dear, Mr. Marsh, said she, I feel willing to be saved, and if I possibly could, I would be saved from that dreadful hell. That, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, I expect is true, but you must want to be saved from your sins, as well as from the punishment of sin.

It had got to be late in the night, and all went to bed, but Polly slept not a wink, as she afterwards informed; for she said, she was afraid she should awake in hell, and therefore dare not go sleep.

This distress of mind, continued about three weeks, when she was brought to see that God could, for Christ's sake, save her and all sinners, that trusted in him; and then she cried out glory to God, for what he is in himself, and for the gift of Jesus his dear son, for poor perishing sinners like me; Oh! Mr. Marsh, said she, I see such a fullness in Christ's merits, that there is enough for all the world if they will but accept of it.

She now wanted to go home, to see her father and mother, brothers and sisters. Well, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, you may ride my horse, and he tackled his horse with his wife's side saddle. When Polly got home, she found her father and mother in one of their old quarrels, cursing and swearing. This almost broke Polly's heart, and she could do nothing but weep. Her father said what ails our Polly? she has got to be a fool, and does nothing but snivel and roar. But Polly could not speak till it got to be near bed time, when the old man said, well, I intend to go to bed. Then Polly's mouth was open, and she went to her daddy and said, Oh! dear daddy, will you not go to prayer first? Mr. Marsh prays every night and morning, and the Lord hears him, and they live exceeding happy? it was to God he was praying when I did not know who he was talking to. Do, dear daddy, pray before you go to bed.

I won't pray, said the old man, they may pray that have a mind to, I shall not pray. Well, dear daddy, said she, may I pray? Yes, said the old man, all night if you have a mind to. Poor little Polly kneeled down, and cried out, Oh! thou great Creator of all worlds, thou God of love, for Jesus Christ's sake helpeach soul of us here in thy presence, to pray and cry unto thee for the pardon of our sins, for without help from thee, we must eternally perish. Oh! dear Jesus, grant me thy spirit that I may be enabled to pray, for I cannot pray aright without thy spirit. Oh! gracious God, we are all sinners and are bound to the world of hell if we do not repent; Oh gracious God, wilt thou give us all a heart to repent of all our sins? Oh! most gracious GOD wilt thou help my honored father to pray? Oh! dear Lord, give him to see that it is his indispensible duty, to pray for & with the family that God has given him.

By this time, the father began to pray sure enough. The Lord, said he, have mercy on my soul, I am undone without help from God—what shall I do? I have never done any thing but sin against God and I expect that hell must be my portion forever and ever. The mother then likewise cried out, what must I do, or what can I do? I have spent a whole life in sin I — Oh! Lord have mercy, was all she could say.

The children, by this time, were all weeping, being under concern of mind, and as soon as Polly had done prayer she began to exhort her brothers and sisters, in a most pressing manner, to fly for refuge to Jesus Christ, as the only way to be saved; and then she related all that Mr. Marsh had told her and the effect that it had upon her mind, and how she got comfort; and, said she, I see merit enough in Christ, for all the world that will trust in him and love him, & hate sin and forsake it.

There was not a wink of sleep in the family the whole night, but all were crying and praying for mercy. The father wanted Polly to pray again, for, said he, I believe you have got an interest at the throne of grace. Poor little Polly fell on her knees, and implored mercy for her dear father and mother, and all her tender brothers and sisters, for a long time, and at last cried out, Oh! Lord, I do not know how to let thee go, or how to leave off crying to thee, except thou bless these distressed souls by the pardon of their sins.

Before Polly had done praying, the father and mother cried out, glory to God, for his infinite love and goodness, and they both sung redeeming grace and dying love, and poor Polly's heart, rejoicing at God's goodness, was praising God with her parents.

Oh! my dear wife, said the father, I used

to quarrel and find fault with you, but Oh ! it was myself that was wholly to blame, and not you — I hope I never shall do again so wickedly as I have done. Oh ! my dear husband, said the mother, it was not you that was to blame for our contentions, it was myself, my dear husband, and if you can forgive me I hope never to treat you wickedly again.

All former difficulties were settled and made up, and within the space of three weeks, all the brothers and sisters were hopefully converted, and a very happy house it was. This wonderful work in this family was noised all over the manor ; and almost every body came to see them, and as the family were very free, in telling what God had done for their souls, it proved a matter of conviction, so that in the space of about twelve months, a good number of precious souls were hopefully converted to the love of God. This was in the year 1794, and may be depended on as truth. Perhaps it may not be word for word, as it was delivered, but the sense is the same.

A Petersburg article, copied into the *Journal du Soir*, narrates an event which strikes the soul with horror and makes humanity weep: Three persons who had been exiled into Siberia, went out one day a hunting &

lost their way, and could find no human dwelling. Famine impelled the 3, a father & his son, & the father of a family, to cast lots whose frame should furnish subsistence to the survivors. After the first victim was consumed, they cast lots the second time and the son was the only survivor. He was found by some hunters. He was sent to Peterburgh to give the distressing narrative.

Dates of some of the books of the New Testament.

The gospel by St. Matthew was written A. D. 44. Mark 44. Luke, 55. John, 97. The acts of the apostles, 63. i, Cor. 51. ii, Cor. 62. Gal. 51. Eph. 62. Phil. 62. Col. 62. i, Thes. 52. ii, Thes. 53. i, Tim. 65. ii, Tim. 66. Titus, 65. Philémon, 62. Heb. 63. James, 59. i, Peter, 66. ii, Peter, 66. i, John, 92. Jude, 75. Revelations, 96.



FOR THE WATCHMAN.

Liberty is claimed by the souls of men, as a right sacred to all. This privilege extends, not to the injury of any, but ever as far as not to violate like rights of oth-

ers.

This blessing has been wrested from thousands, under a pretence of the holy religion of Jesus — a spirit of oppression has swayed the breasts of Ecclesiastics, and their bloody hands have “hurried mortals home.”

This *accursed thing*, hated of GOD, is yet in the world ! I shall not say a set of *favoured men* are here intended : all denominations of christians are lovely, but an *iron spirit* is hateful where ever it is discovered. Love to GOD brings tenderness of soul, and good will towards all men, preventing our judging lest we should be judged.

In the first No. of the Watchman it was observed, “that all men have good right to worship God as they peaceably chuse.” We should not expect that dissenters would oppose this, unless they would dictate others. In the face of the world I declare my neighbor has right for all me, or any other mortal, to believe as he peaceably chuses ; but God will judge our principles, to him we are accountable. Great researches have been made for truth : perhaps no man has so ranged to find out the things of GOD, as the editor of this book : when he was young his mind was not at a stand with the presbyterian christian church, though it was much beloved. The methodists were carefully attended

unto : here his mind was not fully answered though many of them are excellent christians. When his mind was first settled, it was with the baptists : he never said they were a perfect church, but thought he could, as to himself, walk happily with them, and this thought he has ever kept till this day. A few years ago he had the misfortune to be troubled with a thought that there might be an end of punishment hereafter, and this he honestly confessed, which has been a source of persecution enough to break a heart of stone.

Jesus once said, *neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.*

Had he given up his sentiments as false, & turned to universalism, there would have been a difference, but he never was shaken in his belief in the baptist order, he would gladly always been in it ; but he could not, he was embraced by an additional idea, which the brethren would not allow, and a separation ensued. After a few months the new idea lost its weight and was given to the wind, and things then returned to their former estate. The public should be careful to remember that he never had any doubts of a dismal hell for all who die unbelievers, but sincerely concluded it might end at some awfully distant period in a long eternity.

End of No. 5.